### BOSTON'S JAPANESE POTTERIES.

## The Morse Illustrated Catalogue Issued by the

Museum of Fine Arts. Mr. Edward S. Morse, whose catalogue of the Morse collection of Japanese pottery in the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston has just been issued by that institution, speaks of work as merely a preliminary study; this qualification is, however, hardly to be taken literally, inasmuch as the author confesses that we have in this bulky and sumptuous volume the results of twenty years' labor in studying and cataloguing the treasures under his care. The arrangement of the potteries in this collection may be open to question, for many of the shelves appear to be overcrowded, judging from the pictures given, and it may be doubted whether the e important specimens ought not to be placed as to be easily viewed from all ddes. But as to the character of the catalogue itself there can be no doubt. It is the most satisfactory sort of publication issued by an art institution on this side of the water for many a moon, and reflects credit not only upon Mr. Morse for his indefatigable, painstaking care, but also upon the Museum of Fine Arts which has gone to the large expense necessary. In the course of the volume, which consists of more than four hundred pages, there are no ies than sixty-eight full-page photogravure , aces,

of which forty are accompanied by skeleton guide plates giving the number of each piece in the photograph, and making identification with the text a certain and easy matter, there are also more than fifteen hundred potters' marks, which alone must have given the editor an immense amount of hard work in verification. The photogravures are admirable and give everything but color; in some instances they almost give that. The erackle of the ware, its lustre, even its surface are felt in these beautiful reproductions. The difficulties in the way of acquiring trustworthy information about Japanese pottery are great. The authorities are mostly

Japanese consisting chiefly of a work by Ninagawa Noritane, published in 1876, which brings together an immense deal of information found in obscure MSS, by different writers. There is also a handbook in Japanese Issued by the National Museum in Tokio, which, however, does not give much matter not found in Ninagawa's work. The only publications of merit in English on Japanese pottery are more or less complete transations of both these books, and a work upon Japanese pottery, edited by Sir Augustus W. Franks, and issued as a South Kensington Art Handbook. Mr. Morse also acknowledged the help of several French works, notably "La Céramique Japonaise," by Tokuosuke and M. E. Deshayes, It has been Mr. Morse's good fortune to enlist the help of a number of Japanese experts and students who have not only written many letters for him but have made visits to districts famous for their potteries, and have collected there information which could be obtained in no other way. Pieces about which there was doubt, have been sub-

mitted to Japanese and European experts; their marks have been compared with speci mens in the world's great museums, and, in a word, every possible means has been taken to make this catalogue an authority. Japan has been for ages the greatest pottery-making country in the world, and per-

haps for this very reason the difficulties in the way of classifying and identifying its products according to time and authorship are immense A number of names are often applied to the same pottery, and again, a number of distinct kinds are united under a single name. The product of a family of potters may be known under a variety of marks, although in some districts it is cusand buried with him when he died. But family of potters, or of the oven in which tate to appropriate famous marks, especially for ware intended for sale to the outside take to pottery-making as an expression of When we add to all this that the marks are in Japanese, and often in the rudest abbreforemost Japanese experts fail to decipher many of them. The greatest bane and misery of the student of Japanese pottery, according to Mr. Morse, are the products of the amateur potter just mentioned. Some of the work is good and, like amateur work in general, some of it is atrocious, so much so that by this feature it can be recognized. Their marks are either undecipherable or may reveal the poetic name of some garden or the earth is taken from some historic shrine from which region he brings back a quantity struggles with the difficulties of this timepseudonym. Such are the difficulties in the way of identifying these veritable puzzles. A study of Japanese pottery is not complete, however, without consideration of this work. The amateur often discovers new kinds of clay and glaze, and perhaps suggests fine forms or new kinds of objects. In a parallel way our amateur photographers work demanded of professional experts. In made for the work of some professionals is as bad as that of the amateur, and, con-

The prehistoric pottery of Japan was parts of the empire this is still the rule. There are many potters in Japan who use only the hand in making bowls, delicate teasets used as offerings at Shinto shrines are usually made without the use of the wheel and are unglazed. The potter's wheel was brought to Japan from Corea, and was prob-ably the kickwheel used in Satsuma and other southern provinces. Its common form consists of a wooden disk, fifteen to eighteen inches in diameter and three inches thick, fastened to a hollow axis, fourteen or more inches in the ground, and on this the wheel rests, a porcelain saucer being inserted in the wheel to lessen friction as it rests on the spindle. The wheel itself is on a level with the floor and the potter, sitting in the usual Japanese position, on his heels, bends over the wheel, it by means of a slender stick inserted in a hole near the periphery of the wheel. With his elbows braced against his knees, the whole body at west, he has steady command of the clay he is to turn. The wonderful delicacy for daily use, the Japanese use pottery. The of the work of the Japanese potter, as shown accounted for by the potter's attitude and resultant steadiness of hand. The tools kitchen ware, barrels for water, bottles and kitchen ware, barrels for water, bottles and by The Sun and Evening Sun than by other statters of Interest to Women where with us it would be of iron. The kitchen ware, barrels for water, bottles and by The Sun and Evening Sun than by other statters of Interest to Women where with us it would be of iron. The kitchen ware, barrels for water, bottles and by The Sun and Evening Sun than by other statters of Interest to Women where with us it would be of iron. The kitchen ware, barrels for water, bottles and by The Sun and Evening Sun than by other statters of Interest to Women where with us it would be of iron. The kitchen ware, barrels for water, bottles and by The Sun and Evening Sun than by other statters of Interest to Women where with us it would be of iron. The kitchen ware, barrels for water, bottles and by The Sun and Evening Sun than by other statters of Interest to Women where with us it would be of iron.

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sisting of a few wooden formers to shape the inside of the vessel, long sticks with hooked ends to follow the inside of a narrow-necked bottle, a bit of leather used wet, to round the rims of the bowls and dishes, a pair of calipers with which to measure, a wire to cut the piece from the wheel, and other utensils of equal simplicity. The ovens are a series of chambers resting side by side and built against the sloping side of a hill, the lower one being four or five feet wide, and the other chambers widening gradually. They have a large opening through which to charge them and a small one through which fuel may be passed. The fire is started in the lower one and so on to the upper chamber; in this way all the heat is utilized. For fine work, seggars are used. In many places a single rang of ovens is used by all the potters in the neighborhood who mark their wares so that

they can get them back when baked. The Japanese always had a liking for purely handwork as distinguished from anything into the making of which machinery enters, even so simply a machine as the potter's wheel, and to this may perhaps be attributed the preference of Japanese collectors for ancient products over those of modern times. The Japanese artist abhors perfect regularity. Mr. Lafcadio Hearn, in one of his studies upon Japanese art, pro fesses to find the root of this Japanese love of irregularity in the national preference for depicting trees, flowers, leaves, mountains and clouds, rather than the human We Westerners having devoted figure. ourselves for centuries to studying the human figure, with its two arms and two legs, the human face with its two eyes and its nose placed at an equal distance between the yes, have grown to want all things perfectly balanced. To a Japanese the sight of a mantelpiece with a clock exactly in the middle, and a candlestick at either end, is highly unpleasant; it is machine-made regularity, having no trace of individual taste in arrangement. The Japanese prefers the picture of a flower or of a cloud passing over Fuji to that of the most beautiful woman In fact the sacred mountain Fuji occupies something of the place in Japanese art which the Eternal Feminine occupies in ours. It is the object of an artistic cult. At the Lenox Library may now be seen a collection of one hundred engravings in all of which the famous artist Hokusai shows the mountain peak of Fuji under varying conditions of light and cloud, in winter and summer, from far and from near, through rain and mist, through windows and even as seen through the sail of a boat. Mr. Hearn, who having adopted Japanese dress, married a Japanese wife and taken a Japanese name, may be said to be an authority upon things Japanese. believes in his adopted country's art and Eternal Feminine has done Japanese artino harm. He records that one day a wealthy Japanese merchant took him into his garden and showed him with pride two enormous granite boulders that had been brought at great expense from a distant province. Hearn could see nothing remarkable about them and asked his host why he admired them. Because they are irregular," was the some-

Any explanation of the meaning of the nany curious motives employed by the Japanese in the decoration of their pottery would involve an extended study of Japanese and Chinese mythology, classics, history, symbolism, folklore and religion. Only the briefest allusion may be made to this interesting subject. The quaint and unexpected objects used as motives in decoration may seem strange and curious until we know their meaning. A bowl decorated with a spray of sasa conveys no meaning unless one has chanced to be in Japan on New Year's Day tomary for the potter's seal, with which he and has seen the tasteful decorations of straw. stamped his products, to be broken in pieces | pine and red lobster over gateways or in front of houses. Natural scenery and flowers again, this seal may be handed down from have their significance. The landscape may generation to generation. The marks upon | show a sight of some famous temple, or his pottery sometimes stand for the name of a toric ground upon which a heroic deed was done, or may recall some place celebrated they were baked along with the product of for its beauty. Flowers, as with us, have perhaps a dozen other potters, or of the name their language. Drawings of the monkey. of the village in which the potter lived, or of fox and badger are connected with superthe name of the town or shrine at which stitious and curious stories. Fishes and subjects. Butterflies naturally lend them selves as subjects for the artist. Running brooks, the peak of Fuji, are repeated endbarbarian, the difficulty is increased. Then lessiy. Designs are often copied from the there is a vast deal of work not stamped at masters: a heron by Okyo; a monkey by Sosen: a bit of landscape or a flash of birds or fishes from some Kano artist. The decorathankfulness for happy events, such as good tor never mutilates a drawing in copying; fortune or the birth of a son in the family, if a spray of flowers is to adorn a bowl, the mass is drawn as far as it will go on the outside and then continued over the rim and down the inside of the bowl. Of course much of the esoteric meaning is lost upon foreigners. To the Japanese very simple designs may mean much-longevity, good fortune, riches, love, &c.

what mystifying answer. Early Japanese

pottery is irregular and so admired.

The Mikado's subjects are fond of indoor there can be little hope that Chinese and bottlecores, missic, party, tea ocremoins, archers, fencing, polo, hawking, fishing, and these are variously the sterior of the same of a dividing of the installed times of the various of the same of the state of the same of dividing of the installed at times of the various of t and outdoor pleasures such as games, chess, battledore and shuttlecock, music, poetry, summer house; they may record the fact that are many festivals coming at stated times or famous mountain, or that the potter has of dolls, which is the girls day; festivals to reached the age of 80 years or more. As an illustration of the origin of some of this and of trees. The decoration of the New which men have been potters for six, eight from another province, settles down, perhaps symbolism associated with mythological bundreds of miles from the last place, and forms is endess, and hundreds of objects leads to much confusion, as the piece itself box. An artist friend may adorn it with Religous sentiment finds a place, although a sprig of bamboo and sign it with his the liberty the Japanese take with their house-

wild flower is the inscription. "Transparent, other tells us. "The dew of bamboo makes a pleasant sound in falling on the leaves below." its vine the legend refers to a happy life without care If the gourd is light, it hangs all right, if heavy, the vine breaks, as does man over-weighted with business cares Love of nature is conveyed in the following "The fair wind blows, the branches turn green, and those on the south side blossom, Concerning the various uses to which potery is applied, the Japanese are only equalled by the ancient Greeks, whose remains show the almost universal use of clay vessels. Schliemann records that the ruins of the prehistoric city of Hissarlik showed utensils of clay for everyday life, terra-cotta funeral urns, bowls, weights for fishing nets, hand es for brushes, and even hooks to hang clothes upon Where we to-day use silver and other metals, glass, &c , in making various articles

household articles in common use to-day

of pottery are extraordinarily many. The

cooking, are of this material. The house hold gods, the lamps, the incense burners the stoves which send out the smoke that drives away mosquitoes, the plates for the table, the urns for the ashes of the dead, the urns in which incense and food are offered at the grave to friendly spirits-all these are of pottery. At table there are many potteries peculiar to Japan, such as the dishes for raw fish, for hot water, for chop-sticks toothpicks, charcoal, braziers for cooking and for warming, lamps with pith wicks, candiesticks, snuffers, and, of course, the end less utensils for tea-making, which in Japan is a ceremony and an art: First, the pottery furnace upon which the vessel is placed to boil the water and an object not unlike a small teapot to cool the water to the proper temperature before making the infusion. Contrary to our ideas, boiling water spoils the tea. A whole chapter upon the tea ceremonial could be written with these curious potteries in Mr. Morse's catalogue as the text. The universal wine of the country, used everywhere and on all occasions, is the well-known sake, fermented from rice It is drunk hot and served from bottles with gradually tapering necks, often beautifully decorated in the Satsuma and Kioto forms. There is a great variety of sake bottles, some with wide bottoms for use on shipboard or at pienies: others with a bulbous expansion, one bulb above another, that they may float when placed in hot water: others tapering

and one cup with a hole in the bottom, ove which the finger must be placed so that the holder is forced to drink the liquor at once A very important vessel is that used for the cold water in which the guest first rinses his oup before passing it to another with whom he wishes to drink The smoking utensils are nearly as many as those connected with the tea ceremonial. There are the jars for tobacco and the pipes, usually of hamboo, but also of pottery. A pottery vessel holds the live coal for the

lighting of pipes, and a thick bowl receives

to a point below that they may be stuck in

warm ashes. Among the sake cups there

is one in the form of a mask with a long nose

the ashes after the pipe has been smoked. Readers may remember that Loti speaks in his "Madame Chrysanthemum" of the musical sound made by the Japanese in knocking their metal pipes against the pottery bowls in order to empty the ashes. night when all is quiet in the Japanese streets this is the only music. The Japanese pipe holds but a thimbleful of tobacco and lasts for only a few whiffs. But to make up for this, the smoker takes many pipes in the course of twenty-four hours, by night as well as by day. As you lie awake, says Loti, in the watches of the night, you may hear at my moment, thanks to the thin paper thinks that the absence of the worship of the | walls of the houses, your next-door neighbor striking his pipe against the ash bowl; it may be any hour, he has simply awakened and feels the need of a pipe. So he begins oper ations, and his musical tinkle awakens the neighbors on both sides of him. They also feel the need of a pipe, and so it goes over the whole quarter. House after house takes it up. There is a rattle of pipes and a tinkle of bronze against pottery all over the neighborhood. After the quarter has had its smoke people go to sleep again until an hour or two later, when some one else wakes up, seizes his pipe, and wakes up the neighbors

in his turn. When the Japanese write they use pottery inkstones upon which to grind the ink, or sometimes an old roofing tile. The vessel for water for the inkstone is made in the form of some household deity supposed to facilitate thought. The paper weights are of pottery, the box for writing materials and the bell for calling the servants. Incense burners, boxes, toys, ornaments, are of pottery in endless variety. In fact, with the Japanese as with no other people pottery is important, as this magnificent catalogue of more than 3,000 specimens shows. The first toy of the Japanese is likely to be of baked clay, and after he dies his ashes will rest in a pottery urn. The ancient Japanese even tried to deceive the gods by occasionally burying a counterfeit corpse made of pottery and labelled with the name of some person who had reason to dread what might happen after death. The idea was that the evil pirits might be deceived and wreak their

spirits might be deceived and wreak their vengeance upon this counterfeit. The spirits were presumed to be as simple as those who believed in them.

Mention has been made of the difficulties of identifying various products owing to confusion of marks, and this is especially true of modern work, in which the potters are often careless, notably when producing for the foreign market.

The deterioration of Japanese pottery, owing to the imitation of European forms and decorations, is universally deplored, but seems to be constantly growing What was an art is fast becoming a trade. With some of the best and most famous porcelain factories of China and Japan turning out abominable imitations of Dresden ware, there can be ittle hope that Chinese and Japanese pottery will escape. With regard to antique ware, identification is much easier, although even here Mr. Morse has

Deal cards a good deal, don't you'rest Yes

"Do you deal with an elbow movement or with finger and wrist movement."

"Why, I don't work my elbow."

"Why, I don't work my elbow."

"That explains it You have card layers paralysis."

"This hit me centre, and I showed it, but the dector was good and said.

Now don't get flurried. I'll straighten you up dust quit dealing a while and I will give your hand a lew doses of electricity, and you il be all right.

"He did it, and in about three days my hand was straight as a string. But I haven t dealt so much since. There's many an old-timer whose dealing hand has quit him."

Events in Society and Other Matters of Interest

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

The Pastor of the Calvary Methodist Episcopal

Church, the Rev. Willis P. Odell. The Methodists of New York have a minister who is worth scrutiny. He is the Rev Willis P. Odel! He is pastor of the Calvary Methodist Episcopal Church, at Seventh avenue and 129th street. He is worth the attention of those who are interested in the relation of churches to modern life because, beginning at his own Methodist point of view, he has worked out the Methodist idea with pro-

unced effect He is the kind of minister whom the business man at once recognizes as of the same kin When he begins his pulpit work he seems to say to men of concerns like Mowgli, "we be

of the same blood "

You notice him first in the glare of his newsaper advertisements. He has more agate lines in THE EVENING SUN than any other clergyman, and the display of the type arrests your eye. He is not unpleasant about it: there is no reason why a church shouldn't take all the space it can afford if it has something to advertise which is worth while. There is no superior spirituality in an inconspicuous printing of a pulpit notice.

The special meet-me-at the-fountain legend Odell's church which is doing good work at present is his "Vested Choir of Eighty

Voices. This is interesting for a non-liturgical church; but you think immediately "Why not?" the Methodists have always prided themselves on being "methodist-episcopal." For many years after the Reverend John Wesley of the Church of England started his new "Method" of Christian living he clung to the old liturgy, and he died a communicant in the parent church. Indeed, when you turn to the communion ritual of the Methodist manual you discover it is almost verbatim that of the Prayer Book: the selfsame phraseology is intoned by the richly robed and censerswinging fathers of the Church of Saint Mary the Virgin which is read in a fresh, matter-offact way by Pastor Odell to the people of Calvary. So there is no reason at all why a Methodist church should not have its vested choir and vested minister and sexton, too, if ts tastes go that way-and if it is able to make the thing seemly.

This last is the difficulty, however. Years of training on the part of congregation and of minister and of chorister are necessary before such a ritualistic feature can seem the natural thing it does in a straight Episcopal church Without that education, such an event as a vested choir is only a spectacle, an awkward imitation of those whose business it is to have the litany perfect. This is not at all an argument against vested choirs in Calvary and in all other churches where they have not been hitherto. For there may be perhaps no better way to begin to introduce the idea of seemliness into offhand congregations than by dignifying the chair with processionals and recessionals and by uniform dress reducing their usually too accented personalities to the minimum

If Mr. Odell's eighty vested voices march ut in the recessional with an inept confusion, and if his vast congregation of 2,009 voices sing so vigorously that the eighty are silenced, nevertheless a praiseworthy beginning has been made

It is an audience of rich human nature that Mr. Odell faces on Sundays. The church will seat 2,500 and frequently extra seats have to be brought in Naturally this is not an audience that comes in carriages. There is one rich man who attends Calvaryan attractive name-Mr. Huyler. As for the rest, they are the plain people of Harlem: old men and young children and hundreds of bright-faced young people. As they all stand up to sing in the packed galleries and on the crowded floor, and the young men and the girls lift up the exultant notes of hearty youth, the contagin of hope and ublice is in the air, and it is good to five and

be of it.

How does the man get all this in front of him every week? There is a prairie of humanity, earnest, eager, appreciative, responsive, which any minister in town would happy if he could preach to-which in

good, big game. All at once when I went to ship a card this old right refused to work. I looked at it and the fingers were kind of twisted inward and the hand from the wrist was bent down.

"This stopped the deal for me and I told the lookout to get busy, for the players were getting a little queered. He took my place and I watched the bets."

I runned my right, but it wouldn't traighten out and it kept this way until the lext day, and then I went to a doctor. He look my place and I watched the bets.

Do you deal with an elbow movement with finger and wrist movement?

Why, I don't work my elbow. That explains it You have card layer paralysis.

This hit me centre, and I showed it, but doctor was good and said.

Now don't get furried I'll straighten up Just quit dealing a while and live vour hand a few doses of electricity, you'll be all right.

I did it, and in about three days my was straight as a string. But I was reach shall in the end go to make the late.

Box may we provide for a satisfactory destiny?

The line of thoucht briefly was this.

Whatever we believe about the future, we may be sure we shall go to out own precultar place for which we are fit.

Whatever we believe about the future, we may be sure as the weak of our own destiny. Were not liencefled Arneld and Aston hurse believe about the substances of birth. We are fit to do and different destiny and the substances of birth, we are fit was the weak of our own destiny. Were not liencefled Arneld and Aston hurse we may therefore be sure, equity will be done. The like the substances of birth, we are fit we are fit to do do and the little days in the substances of birth. We are fit to do and the near fit below and the little days in the substances of birth. We are fit to end the substances of birth, we are fit to do and the little days have been the box of our destiny we may therefore be sure, equity will be done and fit ends to a different destiny.

The little days and the little was the substances of birth, we are fit to do and and the commandment of

Now the remarkable things about this dis-course are that, first, it was an old-fashioned hell-fire sermon, and yet it didn't mention hell once from beginning to end. Next, it was presented with a carefully arranged in-dequacy of statement; the listener knew what the preacher meant, and he asked him-self, why doesn't he put it stronger? Thus, as a piece of work it conformed to the best possible literary standards. It seemed abso-lately convincing. There was no unbeliev-

able Angry God: there was no arbitrary judg-ment day; only the inevitable going of every-body after death—as before death—to his own place." The sole appeal to the emotion was the wailing music of the old camp-meeting hymn

"On, turn ye oh, turn ye, For why will ye die?"

which was sung after the sermon. Then the preacher asked any who would like to get on good terms with God to remain and come to him at the altar.

Here happened the remarkable thing. Perhaps a third of the audience remained. But not to talk with the preacher about destiny. Rather to have a much pleasanter talk with one another about all sorts of things. As this observer mingled with line chatting merry crowd lingering for half an hour in the aisles, these were the random snatches of conversation he heard.

e aisles, these were the random snatches conversation he heard. "Here, Mamie, take these carnations to

Lillie."
The trip cost me just \$27 to a cent, and I had the time of my life. I must tell you all

"Do you know who that was with Mrs.

Robinson?"
"You needn't think I ever kissed the blarneystone—I'm a Methodist."
"Are you a stranger here? I never saw
you before" this from a very interesting
young lady). "Well, we're glad to welcome
you. You think we're sociable, do you?
Then you must come to our Epworth next
Tuesday night and we'll show you what it
is to be sociable. I'm the chairman of the
Epworth Social Committee—and this is our
Epworth Treasurer—and I hope you'll come
again."

again."
All over the auditorium were gay knots of chatting, happy people. It was a charm-All over the auditorium were gay knots of chatting, happy people. It was a charming atmosphere of unaffectedness. The church was the social club for wholesome contact. That was the natural human impulse. But what this observer was looking for was the result of the settle-your-destiny-to-night sermon. If these good bearts really believed the inferential theology of the sermon would they be able to be so merry in the face of possible infinite tragedies on the part of them who refused to settle their destiny?

But perhaps their sociability was a truer

destiny?
But perhaps their sociability was a truer sermon than the preacher's. The early meetings of the Christians in the days of the Apostles were doubtless social, and it was as hard then as now to put the heavy stone on young spirits. This happy fellowship was the direct legificy of the earliest Christian "love feasts." So too, in highest contrast, is the extreme rivalism of the Church of Saint Mary the Virgin, the direct legacy of the Abostolic mass. And the religious instinct in the sociabil-And the rengious insections is the same.

OBSERVER.

NOTES OF THE EXPOSITION.

### Rems of Interest Gathered Here and Therein the Rainbow City.

BUFFALO, May 24 - The strike that failed at the Exposition grounds Wednesday serves pretty well to show the extent of arrogance to which an occasional successful interference with the management of their employers' business will sometimes lead working men. From the beginning of the actual labor of building the Exposition the unions have lost no opportunity to make trouble. They have forced up the price of labor of all kinds to unheard-of figures. Men who at the com mencement of the enterprise were glad to work for \$1 65 a day now turn up their noses at less than \$4. Carpenters, iron workers masons, plasterers and plumbers have boosted their wages up to \$6 or more a day, and always by the same means, a strike when they knew they had the Exposition builders and managers where they could not spend the time to fight for their rights. One effect of all this has been practically to stop building operations in Buffalo outside of the Exposition grounds. No one will employ labor at such prices unless it is absolutely necessary for the work at the Exposition is nearly over and then there must be a great slump.

The rise in price has spread naturally from laborers' wages to almost everything else But the people who are counting on reaping a harvest from letting furnished rooms at enormous rates are likely to be fooled greatly Exposition visitors are not likely to pay such prices for hall bedrooms when for almost the same rates they can get hotel accommodations The strike that failed did so so quickly that the carpenters who struck have not recovered their breaths yet. There were three of them, employed to lay the floors in the Marine Hospital, which is part of the Government exhibit Some soldiers were be happy if he combined proach to which the constancy and readiness of money would be the delight of any theatre manager on Broadway—and Odel has fairly earned it. For one thing, he is an admirable business man He knows more about the financing of a church than any of his official board. He can exploit the cordial generupon the carpenters meant, was the reply. There-upon the carpenters struck in the evident expectation of preventing the completion of the hospital But there was where Capt Munson fooled them. He told them to get out as quickly as they could, and before they were gone had more soldiers at work, and the floors were laid in short order.

One of the exhibits to be in the Bazaar Building is a representation of the home of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Something has prevented the finishing of the exhibit and the result is a placard in language which Longfellow probably would be greatly puzzled to interpret. It says:

JUST RUFBER AROUND. WE'LL BE OPEN NEXT WEEK.

The Argentine Republic has scored a first for the second time. Col. John I. Atwell, her Commissioner, was the first foreign appointee, and now he has completed the installation of her exhibit, the first one to be entirely in place. The exhibit covers 4,000 square feet on the floor of the Agriculture Building, surrounded by a very handsome taçade of Colonial design. There are a great many charts showing the industrial development of the Argentine people and hundreds of samples of the leading productions of the republic. There are more than 200 samples of wool and 500 of cereals, with samples of ores and minerals and photographs of all the important cities and many of the picturesque places of the country. An exhibit which attracts much attention is the hide of a bull that measures sixteen feet from head to tail.

The Midway concessoraires are having troubles of their over because of the restrictions Buffaio places on concert halls. There is a sharp distinction in this town between singing and music. Music is limited to the playing of bands and orchestras. Concert halls are forbidden to have both, and as soon as the Midway shows began the downtown people made a fuss which resulted in stopping part of the Midway business. The troops of yellers and other songsters brought out by the German shows are now occupied in pedding programmes and in such work, while the concessionaires are striving to find some way to get around the ordinance.

# From the Chicago Tribune

"You wear a remarkably small hat, sir," the salesman said. "It's 4 eW, and that's the smallest size they make for men." I know it, "replied the customer. "but you'll find I average all right when you come to selling me a pair of shoes. I wear No. 10."



## "OH, MY POOR HEAD!"

Sick headache! What a world of misery the very name implies! Pay after day of dull agony. Nights without rest. Sleep without refreshment. When sick headache attacks a woman, it attacks her beauty and wreeks

it. The doctor gives a drug. Heart trouble follows. Old are settles down in the prime of life. Discouragement and failure result. What has this woman done to suffer so?

If she had used Dr. Greene's Norvura blood and nerve remedy her whole life would have brightened and broadened because this medicino always cures sick headache, and corrects the condition that produces it. Mrs. Clara S. Mahoney, 49

Franklin St., Lowell, Mass., says "I was terribly afflicted with sick and nervous headaches, boing obliged to lie down entire days on account of them. I was in-duced to try Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and after short time I was entirely cured and had no return of the headaches since, and it is now two years since I was troubled with the head-aches. I always recommend Dr. Greene's Nervura wmy acquaintances who are run down in health or suffering with nervous troubles."

You cannot cure sick headache by drugging the nerves. The nerves are starved. Dr. Greene's Nervura feeds them. It also carries nutrition to the whole body. Good appetite and perfect digestion bring robust health; honest sleep comes; beauty is preserved; happiness and vigor are realized. Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy has made you well. Dr. Greene, 35 W. 14th St., New York

Are you discouraged

City, will advise you free, if you will call or write

# A FOLEY BABY, THIS ONE.

POLITICIANS TURN OUT FOR NATHAY TOM FOLEY ELLENBOGEN.

Elizabeth Street Crowded at a Reception in His Honor -Invitations Sent Out in Twenty Languages-Some of the Presents-Papa Ellenbogen's Speech.

They sent out invitations in twenty different languages. Those which some of the political followers of Councilman Thomas Foley received read as follows:

> You are invited to attend A GRAND BRUSMEELA on Sunday at No. 10 Elizabeth street at the residence of his father SAMUEL K. ELLENBOGEN. Private detective, Rent collector, Process server. Notary Public and Commissioner of Deeds.

would be something doing on Sunday at Mr Ellenbogen's home, while the German Foleyites got German invitations.

"Vhat do dot mean, 'brusmeels'?" asked Henry, the Franklin street bartender. "Some one's goin' to git hitched," replied

Black Jack Sullivan. "Sure, Ellenbogen's daughter is only 2 years old," added John Cuff, the detective. "No one could marry that young."

"It's a christening," chimed in Detective Sergeant McNaught. "Ellenbogen's got a

"No," said the barber, "dot could not be a christening, 'cause Mr. Ellenbogen is a Hebrew. Anahow, ve go 'round." When the crowd got to Ellenbegen's house they found another crowd in front of the door.

A band of musicians was on the sidewalk playing popular airs and another band was Inside trying to play louder. Every minute favoring and the other opposing the rector. brought more people. Some came on bicycles, some in grocery wagons, others in automobiles and many in cabs and coaches. By men, women and vehicles. The men and women who managed to

squeeze into the house were fled to a rear room "That's him," whispered Mrs. Effenbogen, "He's only fourteen days old, but he weighs fourteen pounds "

who managed to slip in with the crowd. "I can explanation everyting like it vere in English. Lee Harburger, dot is der son from Julius, der Tammany's Hall leader, vill be der godfadder. Him's wife vill be der godmudder. 'Semblyman Harburger vill be him what sits on der table mit der baby on der pillow on him's lap. Der nurse gir vill bring der baby in der front room on der pillow before dot. She vill den give him to der godmudder. She vill give him to der godfadder. He vill give him to his fadder, dot is der 'Semblyman, who vill be sitting Dot is der rabbi. Here he comes now."
Rabbi Seigel asked in Hebrew what was to be the name of the baby. "Natisan Tom Foley Ellenhogen," answered the baby's father.

Pulled Overboard by His Fish.

From the Philadelphia Record Bayside. N. J., May 23.—When the

to be a big politician like the Councilman, and because he knew no better man in New York than Foley. He thanked the Councilman for coming to the "bursmeela," and also his other friends. He thanked them also for the presents sent to the baby.

"Mr. Foley gave a diamond locket," he said. "Senator Sullivan sent a fifty-tollar baby carriage. Mr. Harburger gave the baby a nice silk outfit. Lawyer Aaron Morris sent twenty-five bottles of wine. Mr. Patrick Brennan, who keeps the Summit House on the Bowery, sent 200 cigars. I thank you all. I am shanight to all who came. I see here Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Levy, Mr. Moe Levy, Laurence Mulligat, Aaron Morris, the Geizler brothers, Police Sergt, Jake Brown and Charley Cummissey. And there is my friend Mike Refronc, the Italian leader, and Gus Appeles, the real estate man, and John McCullagh, the nephew of the Superintendent of Elections, and Counsellor Dave Morris, and George Crowley and Ike Marks, the Alderman, and Ike Bernstein and Paddy Sullivan. County Clerk Schmer could not be here, but he is represented by his cheefelerk, Ed Horn. As the Sheriff could not come he sent Nathan Metzger, and Congressman Sulzer sent his secretary, Morris Goldberg But we are all here and we have 123 bottles of wine. I bought fifty bottles myself. Come, we will drink to the health of Nathan. Tem. Foley. Ellenbogen. Three cheers for little Tom and three cheers.

Big Tom."

Then Councilman Foley made a spetelling how proud he was to have a manual after him.

END OF THE MONTICELLO SCANDAL. received Italian notices to the effect that there | Social Fend That Resulted in Divorce Suits in

POUGHKELPSIE, May 24.-After long years of strife in and out of the courts the last chapter in the famous "Monument War" at Monticello, it is believed, has been written, and the matter closed. The divorce and other litigations growing out of the social fend in the mountain village indirectly caused the death of several persons and blasted the

reputations of others. The Rev. David T. Howell, at one time rector of St. John's Episcopal Church in that village, in an unlucky moment was induced to express interest in the erection of a village monument or fountain, or something of that. sort. His church split up into factions on the subject, and finally the whole village was drawn into the quarrel. Samuel B. Green and his wife, who were leading members of St. John's Church, took opposite sides, one They separated and Mrs. Green sued her husband for divorce. At the trial before Judge Petts, of Kingston. Mr. Green set up as a defence that his wife had been intimate with the Rev. Mr. Howell. The jury refused to grant Mrs. Green a divorce. An appeal was taken by Mrs. Green to the Appellate

Division, and is still pending. Mr. Green subsequently sued his wife for diverse. He charged in the complaint that in 1896, 1897 and 1898 his wife

that in 1896, 1897 and 1898 his wife was unduly intimate with the Rev. David T. Howell at her home in Monticello, at the church and the rectory of the church. Mrs. Green in her answer set up a denial and countercharge.

Recently Mrs. Green obtained an allowance of \$39 a week allmony, but this sum was cut down to \$10 by the Appellate Division. Counsel for the husband asked Judge Betts of Kingston, either to vacate, or suspend until trial, the order for allmony, on account of the verdict in the other action, and further for the reason that Mrs. Green has an abundance of means. The motion was denied. The case was to have been tried at Monticello, but the parties have agreed to a compromise, and a stipulation has been signed that Mr. Green be allowed to take a decree on the findings of the jury in the other suit.

"Nation Tom Foley Ellenbogen," answered the buby's father.

Then followed the prayers by Rabbi Seigel, and six women tried to grab and hug the baby at the same time.

"Musseldorf!" shouted the crowd, and the boy interpreter explained to Dry Dollar Sullivan that "Musseldorf means congratulations, oid bey?"

"Congratulations, oid bey?"

"The fishermen have had very poor luck the season and many of them have had very poor luck the season and many of

Then the big guests were invited into the dining room, because there wasn't room for all at the three tables there. Rabbi Seigel tooks seat at the head of the centre table, and the boy interpreter said.

"Now the benches. He gives out a prayer for Big Toon Foley, too."

"I don't believe Divver'll git anny votes" whispered Sullivan.

Feasting followed, and the popping of champagne corks mingled with the popping of thampagne corks mingled with the popping of thampagne corks mingled with the popping of the band playing "He's a Joliy Good Fellow".

Papa Filenbogen was finally called upon for a speech.

"Ellenbogen! Ellenbogen!" the crowd shouted. "What's the matter with Ellenbogen was finally called upon to a speech."

"What's the matter with Ellen Brady?" yelled M'ke Fitzpatrick.

"And Tom Foley?" shouted another man Then Mr Ellenbogen gots up and made a speech. He said he had named his boy after Tom Foley because he wanted the boy.

after Tom Foley because he wanted the boy | worth \$70 a keg.